



"I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him; — the cause that I knew not I searched out." —Job xxix. 12, 16.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

IN order to avoid mistakes in respect to our letters, received by mail, we earnestly request that hereafter all letters on business of the Society may be addressed thus:

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Please be particular to place the abcve box number on all letters.

For Terms, see Last Page.

For the Advocate and Guardian.
OUR MOTHERS.

St. Louis, March 3d, 1862.

How much is the relation of a mother dignified and elevated as we consider the immense influence, the almost irresistible power which she sometimes exerts over her children, even over the strong, self-reliant man. I have sometimes thought a mother's life has been a successful one, if she has so trained her children, that, in times of temptation and sorrow, in moments when they feel the need of support and strength, their thoughts always turn to their mother and their God.

In visiting the hospitals in this city it is interesting to see how, in all circumstances, the soldier remembers his mother; and it often requires only a brief conversation with the son to ascertain the character of the mother. Many hundreds have died in our hospitals, and in their dying hours their thoughts and their last words have been of their mothers. An interesting case recently occurred here of a lad only sixteen years of age. He was one of our prisoners taken at Fort Donelson. He was

hopelessly ill and his heart was with his mother. He said to an excellent lady who visited him, "I wish you would kiss me, I know my mother would." He wished to see a Christian minister, and when he came he said to him, "I am very ignorant, but I want to be a Christian. I want to go to heaven, so that I can be with my mother; I know that she will be there. She has prayed for me, and I know that my good, old grandmother has prayed for me, too." He held a little Testament in his hand which he seemed to value very highly. A lady asked him if he would have it sent to his mother. "No," he replied, "she could not afford to pay for having it sent to her. She had only seven dollars and she gave me half." He hesitated a moment and then said, "I think I will take it with me;" and he was buried with his precious, little Testament in his hand. Those who were with him felt that he gave evidence of having accepted the offers of the gospel.

I have recently heard an anecdote of a Swedish sailor who became a Christian a few years before his death. Shortly after his conversion he sailed as mate in a vessel. Every one noticed that his conduct was not the same as before. He no longer swore, and he did not lose his temper as he had formerly done. One day, the captain, himself an irreligious man, said to him, "Peter, you are changed; what is the matter with you?" "Captain, I have become a Christian." "I am glad of it," said he, grasping his hand, while tears stood in his eyes. "How happy it would make my old mother if I should begin to serve God. If you ever wish to be entirely alone and do not care to go to your own state-room, come to mine, and no one shall disturb you." A very different answer might have been expected from the captain, who had lived so many years, without God, in the world. It is interesting to see how the mother's instructions, although they seemed to have produced no effect, were still remembered, and influenced the conduct and words of her son, years, it may be, after they were uttered.

M. L.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

SPARE MOMENTS.
BY KATE CAMERON.

ONE cannot tell, without having tried the experiment, how much work may be accomplished in the fragments of time which even the busiest day affords; and if these moments are wisely improved and not idled away, as is too often the case, we shall indeed learn to "redeem the time." If those who say they have no leisure for works of benevolence, would only give this plan of employing every minute, a fair trial, they could not again conscientiously urge the oft-repeated plea, "want of time." How easy for instance, to have some light work always at hand, which may be taken up whenever a friend calls, and when more intricate avocations would require too much attention. One surely can talk as fast, and as well, while crocheting, or knitting, as when entirely idle, and will lose nothing in the estimation of others, by being found always occupied. And then, if a person would only rise five minutes earlier than their accustomed hour, and sit up five minutes later at night, and devote this time, saved from slumber, to some useful pursuits, either for their own benefit or that of others, they would redeem, in one year of working days, over fifty-two hours, and in this time not a little might be acquired in study, or accomplished in work. If our young friends would only carry out this idea, how much precious time they might save in the course of their life. We are too apt to despise such trite sayings as, "Sands make the mountain, minutes make the year," "Take care of the minutes and the hours will take care of themselves," "Every little helps," and the like; but surely these proverbs are verified in the experience of us all.

How often has our destiny hung upon the decision of a moment! and how constantly are we within a moment's distance from eternity, only separated by that veil which God's hand may at any time withdraw. Should we not strive in every way in our power to improve all these hours of probation, for which we

know we must give a strict account? There is no human event counted trifling by the All-seeing Eye that ever watches over us, and would we look back without remorse upon our mortal career, when we shall have gained a higher standpoint, then let us ever heed the command which may be applied to hours and moments as well as to the remnants of the miraculous feast, "Gather up the fragments that remain that nothing be lost."

"That is a very pretty saying of somebody's which gives us this advice: 'The moment the day *breaks* set yourselves to work to save the fragments.'

It sets before us the idea that they who have not whole days for their personal improvement have many fragments of the days, half-hour seasons, which they can appropriate for mind and heart culture.

It reminds one likewise of the beautiful morning hour, which it is far better to occupy in the study of useful knowledge, than to lose by lying in bed late. Remember, soon as the day *breaks*, up and seize its fragments, that nothing may be lost. Poor Richard used to say, Take care of the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves. These fragments of precious time are small gold coins. Have a care to improve wisely these fragments of the leisure hours, and the whole days so saved and occupied shall render a good account."

For the Advocate and Guardian.

TONY.

BY F. L. BURGE SMITH.

HE sat upon a stone horse-block, opposite a large mansion in one of the most eligible of our city streets. The summer was almost past, and the coming autumn's breath gave a slight chill to the air, yet the little fellow seemed rosy and comfortable in his state of almost entire nudity. A scanty tunic of dark blue stuff fell negligently from his shoulders, exposing the upper portion of his body, and his lower limbs were wholly uncovered. No shoes, no stockings, and one leg thrown gracefully over the other knee, while a fat, brown hand clasped the ankle.

A mass of light curls hung from his head, and his earnest eyes were so intent upon the varied scenes before him, that he was wholly unconscious of our observation until we asked, "What is your name, little boy?" Then his gaze was turned quickly towards us, and he answered, "Tony, ladies." I don't know why he should have been named Tony; there was no indication of its significance in his broad, intelligent brow and bright, sensible face. I suppose it was simply an accident. The child had evidently wandered from the unpromising locality where the city poor have their habitation, to this well-built street, in order to indulge that love for the beautiful which is innate in every breast. He seemed to have forgotten the lowliness of his lot, and to revel in the pres-

ent as if it were for him a permanent good. Dear little fellow, my heart swelled as I thought what an awakening might be in store for his future years.

"The night is coming, Tony," said I, "It is time for all little boys to be getting home. Do you live near here?"

"I lives here days, but I lives there nights," pointing in the direction of a well-known poor district.

"And your father and mother, Tony?"

"They works together in the house-cleaning business, father shakes the carpets and mother scrubs."

"And what are you doing with yourself all the long days while they are busy away?"

"Getting my eddication, ma'am."

It never struck me before how many of these city boys get their education in this way alone, without the aid of written books or appointed teachers, picking up from observation whatever may come before them, some of them emerging from this school ripe for all sorts of evil, others with scarcely the smell of the fire through which they have passed, upon their garments. Surely there is one like unto the Son of Man walking in the midst of the flames with these last.

I was surprised at the rotundity of little Tony's form, and his apparent healthy physical condition, so opposed to the generality of the children of his class. "It's the sun and the exercise does it, ma'am," said he in answer to my question as to what kept him so fat and ruddy. "I come up out of the dark alleys and run about these light streets trying to get big and strong, so as to help my father and mother."

There was such dignity in the boy's face as he spoke of prospective usefulness that it impressed me with the idea of some great future development in that little frame, and I felt a respect for the child, as if he were already an active mover in this busy world.

"Where do you get your meals, Tony," asked I, pinching his chubby arm with my thumb and finger, "It takes something more than sun and air to make such firm flesh as this."

"Mother doesn't give me slops, ma'am, she says a dry crust is better than the gin and water, such as the little thin things lives upon. I have nice bits from the great houses where mother works, only she won't let me eat the rich pie and cake, because she says it won't make me a healthly boy, and she wants me to grow up well and hearty like my father."

"And you don't eat these good things when you are out of her sight?" I was sorry the moment I had put this question, the blue eyes fastened upon me with such a wondering expression as if the possibility of disobedience to a beloved parent had never entered his mind. It was an insult to the child's artless nature, and I found myself blushing beneath his gaze as he innocently asked, "Would you, ma'am?" How the little children probe us with their unconscious thrusts! How they tear away with their tender fingers the deceipts that cover our

festered sores, and unintentionally bring to light our secret infirmities. And yet themselves see us with trustful, confiding eyes, beholding in us the good, which is but the reflection of their own sweet natures. So Tony, after he had bared my heart to my sad inspection, looked into my eyes, and seeing his own integrity, said, "I am sure you wouldn't, ma'am."

"We must see this child's mother," observed I to my friend, "She must be an uncommonly sensible woman; my curiosity is greatly excited."

Just then the boy's face lighted up with joy, and skipping from his seat he was folded in the arms of a robust woman. Their meeting was so full of gushing affection, that no one could doubt the tie that bound them. The father, a stalwart man, stood behind, with a smile of satisfaction upon his features. At that moment all the world was, to this happy family, comprised in the scene enacting.

"A fine boy you have there!" ventured I, interrupting the social greeting.

"Everything to us, madam," responded the man, taking the child from his mother and smoothing the sunny curls with his broad palm, "God could have sent us no greater good than the lad, he is strength to both heart and arm."

"May we walk home with you?" asked I, intent upon learning something more of this contented group, "The little fellow has already interested us in his parents."

The man lifted his hat with a refinement and courtesy, that is so uncommon and so attractive, and the woman invited us by an assenting smile to accompany them.

"It is an humble quarter, ladies," apologized she, "but happiness is not confined to the rich, and we have many a glad hour in our lowly home, James and Tony and I."

"Many a glad hour, that's true," chimed in the man, "There's few gayer hearts than ours, even in the highest places."

The distance was short, and after winding through two or three narrow streets, we entered an alley way, and ascending three flights of stairs, were ushered into a large, square room, with two windows looking out upon a small grass plot, but commanding a distant view of shipping, and a strip of the blue bay.

The apartment was as clean as soap and water could make it, and the furniture, though scanty, was well-chosen, and in good order. A plump bed with patchwork quilt and pure white pillows, occupied one corner, a pine table stood between the windows, a chest of drawers in a niche by the fireplace, a clock upon the mantel, and a few book-shelves, with some well-thumbed books, hung upon the wall. A large arm-chair for the man, a rocking chair for the woman, a stool for Tony, and a rudely-constructed lounge, covered with neat chintz, completed the arrangements, excepting a small mirror, and under it a picture representing a little child in the act of saying his prayers. The face and figure were not unlike Tony's, and betrayed to me the motive that had made the

engraving the possession of these poor people. "We are high up," said the woman, but the air is better, and we escape a good deal of the noise of our neighbors, and it is pleasant to see the sky at night; Tony calls the stars his watch-lights; we should all miss them sadly in the lower rooms. The child had perched himself upon his stool, and had fallen into the same graceful attitude that attracted us in the street. The man stood respectfully by the chimney, and the woman at our importunity sat down to talk with us.

"I am curious to learn," said I, "how you preserve such cheerfulness and content amid apparent poverty, and with the constant necessity of wearisome labor." The woman was spokesman, her husband nodding frequent assent to all her words, which astonished us by their wisdom, but I have often observed that the righteous have a certain inspiration from above, which elevates both their sentiments and their language.

"We look upon our situation, madam," said she, "as the allotment of an all-wise Providence, and we take with gratitude our appointed condition in life, feeling that if we were free to choose we might, in our blindness, make a fearful exchange. We teach the boy that both rich and poor have their portion from God, who knows how to fit each to his particular place, and that to fret and murmur at what may seem a hard lot, is not only sinful, but foolish, since it makes our burden heavier and more difficult to bear. This is a thoughtless time now, ma'am, but the good seed early sown will surely have its influence upon his later years, and we have no fear that he will grumble at his coming tasks. 'To do our duty in that state of life unto which it may please God to call us,' is what James and I learned when we were as young as Tony there, and it is a lesson we have tried never to forget."

"A most excellent one, and too little heeded by the world generally," said my friend, "but are you never cast down by overmuch care and toil? Is your hope always bright, your faith always strong?"

"To say that we have no griefs would not be true," responded the woman. "There have been days when Tony lay ill with fever, and we were looking for a desolate home. That time was trying indeed, and hope was almost gone, but the faith, thank God! that never failed, and whatever might have happened to us, I think we should have kept our trust." The man caught at the boy with a sort of shiver, as she alluded to the time of their great anxiety and dread, and winding his arms about him, he walked to the window and pointed out the "ships in the far distance." "There's one with the sails all set, father," said Tony in a half whisper, "There's a beautiful man at the helm, and a little child sitting in the boat; its floating up into the sky, don't you see? maybe its going to the 'shining shore,' that the hymn tells about; look, father, look!" Groaning heavily, the man folded his boy closer to his

bosom for a minute, and then suddenly put him down. "Run into the passage, Tony," said he, "and see if they're lighting the gas;" then, turning to us, he spoke in low tones. "That's all the burden I have, ladies, the feeling that he won't stay with us long."

"He seems a healthy, robust child."

"Yes, but there are indications, ma'am; he isn't like other children; everybody notices and loves him. Nothing ever hurts him, he gets no harm from being left to roam about the streets. You may be sure when the angels keep such uncommon watch, the object isn't long for this world. We don't know what we should do without our Tony!"

"Would you like to send him to school?" asked I, endeavoring to divert the parent's mind from what appeared a morbid dread of ill. "It would give me the greatest pleasure to help you in some way, and it seems to me the little fellow would be better off with some good teacher, than in the street."

"Thank you a thousand times," said the woman, "we have only been waiting until he is older, he is but three last month, big as he is in his ways and talk, but it may be better, as you say, ma'am, to look after him a little ourselves, and not trust all to the angels; his father thinks he's proof against all harm, but we know, ma'am, there are plenty of evil spirits about, seeking for such prey as he; we will send him to the school if you please, and be very grateful to you, ma'am."

We settled it that they should come to us with Tony, on Monday of the next week, (this was Friday,) and leaving our address, we accepted the escort of the man through the strange streets into the well-lighted, familiar district, whence we made our way home. The next day was cold and wet, and the evening closed in upon us with a drizzling storm. We had settled ourselves cosily with our books, when a summons came from the kitchen, "Tony's father was below, and wished to speak to one of us." A pang shot through my heart at the name—a premonition of sorrow to the happy household. There was agony in the father's face as he said, "The child's hour is come; will you go with me, madam?" We found a physician and took him with us to the lowly habitation. Precious little Tony! his fair head was tossing upon the pillow, his cheeks were flushed with fever, his eyes shone with a glassy brilliancy, and his hands clutched convulsively at the bed-clothes. For a week I alternated with his mother in watching by his couch; and the disease raged on, and his little brain was full of wild fancies; but amid all, mingled visions of the stars and the ships. At length came a period of terrible weakness; and one evening, when the man was at home from work, Tony called him to his bedside, and, putting his feeble arms around his neck, whispered, "The ship has the white sails all spread, dear father; there's a beautiful man at the helm, and a little child sits in the boat; they're going to the shining shore—

father—mother;" and the curly head drooped on the strong bosom, and dear little Tony was dead. For a moment there was the natural outburst of bereaved hearts, as the great shadow fell upon them; but presently out of the deep trust of a soul that had felt the meaning of the words, came the consolatory utterance, "Thou wilt not leave us comfortless; Thou wilt come again and comfort us." And yet, thought I, when this beautiful clay is removed from their sight, when there is no longer the remnant of their little child in the room, and they feel all the bitterness of their desolation, these parents will give vent to a cheerless sorrow, and, perhaps, murmur at their severe chastening. I was amazed at the triumphs of grace in this lowly and afflicted couple. Their tears flowed quietly as they performed the last, sad offices for the dear one who was wont to respond to every attention with a fond caress; and when they had laid him away in his narrow bed, they returned to their home with serene though sad faces.

I came upon them as they sat alone at evening by the window. They were speaking softly of the child.

"Tony's watch-lights are out as bright as ever to-night, father," said the woman, laying her hand upon her husband's arm; "perhaps he is looking down at them while we look up. It's pleasant to think how they lie between us, and guide us towards the dear boy."

"Yes," responded the man, "it's good for us to have the same things before us that the lad loved to see; the stars and the ships link us to Tony as nothing else could do, and make this seem home, even without the boy; but, wife, 'twill be a glad day that will carry us to the little face, I think."

"We must patiently bide our time," said the woman. "It's no mystery to me that the Lord takes the sweet lambs to Himself and leaves us old sinners upon the earth; be sure, James, we shall never go to our Tony until we become as little children; and we're many a step from the goodness and purity of our blessed babe."

"True," said the man, "we must look closer to our ways, Jenny; there's another motive, now, to watchfulness and prayer."

Then they sat, silently watching the starry glory of the heavens, and musing upon what lay beyond, where their precious little one now reposed. My step aroused them, and as they turned away from the window I could see that they felt the great void in the room; but far from cherishing a gloomy sadness, they made an effort to appear cheerful and resigned, and when my consolatory visit was over, and I bade them good-by, telling them not to grieve too sorely over the trial that was sent by a gracious God, the woman followed me to the door and said, "Be sure He will help us to bear it, ma'am. It isn't as though our Tony was lost. I can always feel his little hand in mine, and it will lead us both up to the home where there is no more parting. Dear little Tony!"

For the Advocate and Guardian.

TREES OF THE BIBLE.

WHAT are some of the Trees of the Bible, and of what are they symbolical?

Trees first mentioned—the “Tree of Knowledge;” a test of Obedience. Tree of Life: a type of Immortality; sometimes of Christ and His life-giving power to His Church; sometimes of His millennial reign, as in Ezekiel’s Vision, 4, 7, 12; an Emblem of Gospel blessings, so connected with John’s Vision, Rev. xxii. 2, and 14, or the blessings and happiness of His Heavenly reign.

Some of the Fruits of that Tree.

Apple or Citron Tree—Intimacy with the Saviour, S. Song ii. 3. Confidence in God; “Accepted in the Beloved.”

Almond Tree—the first to blossom: Emblem of Speedy Judgments, Jer. i. 11, 12.

Balsam or Balm, Jer. viii. 22; so the Atonement of Christ in the sinner’s stead. Josephus says: “The tree was cut with sharp stones, and at the incisions the juice is gathered, that drops down like tears.” To procure this most precious of perfumed oils the tree must be wounded, Acts xx. 28; Eph. xi. 7; Isa. liii. 5; 1 John i. 7. Pliny says: “When Alexander was in Judea, a spoonful was all that could be collected in a summer’s day, and sold for double its weight in silver.” We read of it more than 1,700 years before Christ.

Cedar, very lofty, sometimes 12 or 14 yards around, leaves like the Rosemary, always green, the wood incorruptible: sometimes an Emblem of the Power and Majesty of Jehovah, Ps. xxix. 4, 5.

Planting a Cedar, Ezek. xvii. 22–25; of the growth and extent of the Church, Ps. xcii. 12; the conversion of the Gentiles to the worship of the true God, Isa. xxvii. 17, xxxii. 15. Firmly rooted and clinging far down to the mountain rock, an Emblem of the Believer in Christ.

Of what in the character of Abraham, Moses, Daniel, Paul, etc., in Bible history, does the passage in Ezek. xxxi. 3–9, remind you—to whom in the times of religious persecution, of the Reformation in our own history, do you trace a resemblance?

The Maronites say, that on the approach of snowy weather the Cedar bends its branches upward, in the form of a pyramid, so as to receive the falling flakes upon the side, and thus prepared for the tempest, only looks more beautiful under it; and the storm that could not harm it melts in irrigation round its roots. Of what is this suggestive? The Cedar is sound to the last—most useful when dead. Of whom can it be said, that “being dead, he yet speaketh?”

NOW OR NEVER.

YE, who see the battle raging
In the plains of life,
Good with ill a conflict waging,
Right with wrong at strife—

Would ye Truth from Error sever,
Lift your standard now or never!

Ye who see the sad and lonely
Weeping in the dust,
See man gain affection only
To betray its trust—
Would ye win to high endeavor?
Lift your standard now or never!

Ye who view the gloomy prison
And the dungeon wall—
Tell its inmates, “Christ is risen,”
Sound the heavenly call,
“I am He that shall deliver,”
This shall break their chains forever.

Ye who see the blind wayfarer
Feeling for the day,
Asking light to be a sharer,
In the better way,—
Way that leads to Life forever,
Go and aid him now or never.

Look ye! fugitives are fleeing,
Hark ye! blood-hounds cry,
Think ye! shall ye rest with seeing,
Shall the hunted die?
Rouse ye! stay the fleeing never,
Shall the blood-hounds bay forever!

Ho! ye watching, toiling spirit,
In this vale of tears,
Know ye that the good inherit,
God’s eternal years!
Honor life and bless its Giver,
So shall ye be His forever!

A. J. H.

Morning Star.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

STITCHING.

BY LEVINA ENGROVE.

AND what, new or interesting, can be said upon this matter, which is older than any memory of writer or reader? I refer to the old way of one stitch at a time, with one of Hemming’s drilled-eyed glitterers; and not of the almost miraculous Sewing Machine. Well, dear reader, it is stitching in a new place, or at least new to my hand. My needle for the past week has been darting in and out, upon such seams as I never could have believed possible to me, only one short year ago. Sewing upon army shirts, even a real army of United States soldiers—not soldiers for review days and celebrations, but soldiers to kill and be killed—soldiers to carry on a WAR, soldiers to fight against those who would destroy their own native land. Hence these seams that I have been taking, have not been as ordinary seams to my hand, the shirts not like those in Hood’s immortal “Song.”

Every needlewoman knows how thought rouses itself, mingling and moving steadily on, near and distant, hither and yon, as unceasingly as the setting of stitches. In this which I have had the happiness—in one sense—to perform, I have thought of the mother of Moses, who

“With a prayer did every osier weave,”
of the little ark or basket, to which she committed her precious child. Salutary to myself

have been the emotions of my mind, over the work of my fingers. Thoughts of frivolity, or vanity, or haughtiness, have not indeed taken possession of me—no, humility of mind has joined with sympathy of feeling, as I adjusted “band and gusset and seam.” I have shuddered as I knew that here and there, a ball or a bayonet, would send death to some loyal heart, that almost all of imaginable anguish would be within the seams and gussets and bands, which I fashioned into shape.

Poor mother—I know not where—will this garment add to the comfort of your precious son for a time, and then—will it be this part, right here, where I am fastening the bosom, that shall be saturated and stiffened with his life blood? How can I but breathe a heartfelt prayer for the sustaining hand of Heaven, for mother and son both? As I fasten the buttons to these wristbands, my heart quivers as I say, Oh, they will be tossed in wild agony, the arms that would implore aid in the death-struggle, from mother, wife, sister, in vain.

I have not endeavored to hush such thoughts over my stitches; as I said, I have found them salutary, like “going to the house of mourning,” like weeping with those who weep. It is right to make ourselves one with our soldiers now; and could they know that it is really so, it would be a comfort and a strength to their noble hearts. When I see a regiment from a distant state marching through our city, on the way to Washington, I query to myself, if they believe that we who look on, feel warmed in our hearts towards them as they tramp, tramp, through snow and mud; or if we regard it only as a passing spectacle, and forget it in an hour? Oh, soldiers, we do not forget; and come from what part of our bleeding country you may, in our thoughts you are often gathered with deep interest, and in our prayers you are never forgotten.

While in the midst of this stitching and thinking, a death has occurred—not of a soldier, but indirectly connected therewith—which has deepened my feelings to extreme painfulness. As one of life’s scenes or coincidences, it will interest my readers, I think.

Early in the war, a young man of eighteen years joined the army, he was uncommonly fine-looking, tall and well-developed. In the battle of Bull Run he was killed, a fellow-soldier reported that a ball struck him in his high and polished forehead! The effect of the tidings on his parents, we must conceive and not attempt to portray; one tender sister lay for hours in convulsions. G. A., a schoolmate and attached friend of the young soldier, and who lived in the same town—near New York—was deeply afflicted by this early death. The mother of G. A. lifted her heart in abounding gratitude that her son—of sixteen years—was at her side, and safe from the horrors of war, and a more devoted or affectionate son could not be. In the past week, after but five days’ sickness, he too is buried from our sight. Despite medical skill and the tenderest love, he

endured three days and nights of fearful suffering. Being delirious, he knew not the kind hands that ministered to him.

So to all, whether in the army, or out of the army, submission and resignation belongeth. These things "spring not forth of the dust." Therefore, oh, anxious, agonized friends, commit your beloved to the Great Father above, for He doeth all things wisely and well.

New York, 1862.

VALLEY FORGE AND THE PRAYER OF WASHINGTON.

MR. Alexander Clark of the *School Visitor*, gives the following interesting account of a visit to Valley Forge.

This celebrated spot takes its name from an iron forge, located in the vicinity, which belonged to one Isaac Potts, a Friend, who called these lands his own even before the time of the revolution. Valley Creek is sufficiently large to drive the great water wheel of a large cotton factory which stands upon the site of the old forge, and adjacent to the junction of the two streams. The residence of Isaac Potts, situated near the mouth of the creek, is a substantial, but old-fashioned stone building, and is occupied to this day as a dwelling.

In this same house Washington had a small private room in which he attended to his correspondence, and held social intercourse with his officers. In the sill of the east window is an ingenious little cavity in which the Commander-in-chief deposited his important papers. A casual observer would never suspect any such hidden depository, for the rough carpentry is so adjusted that the innocent timber on which you lean to admire the landscape without, has the appearance of an ordinary sill—and nothing more.

From this window the visitor obtains a fine view of the hallowed hills around; the ruins of the old flour-mill, whose hum was heard in that peaceful valley long before the roar of the cannons made those regions the place of strife and the camping grounds of brave warriors; and here, too, the eye may follow the many crooks and ripples of the little creek, as it comes down from the high lands, off toward the Brandywine, waving and sparkling like a silver ribbon flung out over the brown vesture of the meadows.

We wandered leisurely up to the summit of the hill on the south, at which elevation the main part of the American army was quartered. The lodging-places of the soldiers were nearly all rude cabins, hastily built and very low and small. The deep snows of that terrible winter so nearly covered them that they had the appearance of mere burrows in the drifts. Just on the spot where General Washington's marquee was situated, there now stands a beautiful observatory, about forty feet in height.

Here we had a general view of the entire camping ground, and all the picturesque sur-

roundings of Valley Forge. Here, in the melancholy winter of 1777-8, our forefathers suffered the bitter bitings of the cold and tedious tortures of famine. Poor soldiers! what trials they endured. Proud patriots! what liberties they purchased for us. When the army marched from Whitemarsh to Valley Forge, it is said that their bloody foot-prints were distinctly visible in the snow for nineteen miles.

There is a peculiarly-touching incident connected with the history of Valley Forge. One day, when the disconsolate army were almost ready to despair, when starvation stared them in the face, and when their weary bodies were well nigh worn out with cold and fatigue, Isaac Potts, who was a preacher of the society of Friends, happened to pass along through the camp, and heard the many lamentations, and beheld the many tears, but could only sympathize with them in his heart, and hope with them for the dawning of a better day. He passed on, sorrowing and thoughtful, into the dark forest farther up the creek, where all was silent as the grave.

There were no birds to sing and flutter among the groves; no insects to relieve the deep quiet; no breeze murmured through the leafless trees. There was not a single solitary sound in all the forest valley whither he wandered, when, suddenly he noticed Washington's horse tied to the swinging limb of a tree. He paused to listen, when, lo! from a thicket of evergreens, near at hand, came a voice, sad and solemn. It was the Commander-in-chief upon his knees, engaged in humble, penitential prayer. His eyes were raised to heaven, and his cheeks suffused with tears.

Potts was much excited at so strange a spectacle, and feeling that he had ventured on holy ground, cautiously withdrew from the place without attracting observation from the Christian warrior. When he reached his home below the camp, he burst into tears, and remarked to his agitated wife, who had never seen her husband so deeply affected, that, "If there is any one on this earth whom the Lord will listen to, it is George Washington; and I feel a presentiment that under such a commander there can be no doubt of our establishing our independence, and that God in His providence has willed it so."

What a mighty power—borrowed strength from the God of battles. And such was Washington's faith, that his influence was vouchsafed to him by the arm of the Almighty. No wonder he conquered. The hosts of heaven were marshaled on the right and on the left of the chief, and thus our land was redeemed. And thus may it ever be preserved from foreign aggression, and from sectional strife. Let disunionists remember Valley Forge and Washington's communion with the Great Father of us all.

"THE effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."—JAMES 5. 16.

GOD GIVING US THE VICTORY.

WE are glad to see one of our public men, who has been most active in securing the glorious results which now rejoice every true American heart, disposed to ascribe success—not merely to the skill of our generals and the valor of our soldiers, but to Him who is above all, the King of kings and Lord of lords. The *Tribune* of this city has lately abounded in laudation of Mr. Stanton, the new Secretary of War, apparently with the design to place his energy in contrast with the slowness of McClellan. The capture of Fort Donelson is declared to be mainly his work, to which the Secretary has taken the pains to reply in the following note:

To the Editor of The New York Tribune:

Sir: I cannot suffer undue merit to be ascribed to my official action. The glory of our recent victories belongs to the gallant officers and soldiers that fought the battles. No share of it belongs to me.

Much has recently been said of military combination and organizing victory. I hear such phrases with apprehension. They commenced in infidel France with the Italian campaign, and resulted in Waterloo. Who can organize victory? Who can combine the elements of success on the battle-field? We owe our recent victories to the Spirit of the Lord, that moved our soldiers to rush into battle, and filled the hearts of our enemies with terror and dismay. The inspiration that conquered in battle was in the hearts of the soldiers and from on high; and wherever there is the same inspiration there will be the same results. Patriotic spirit, with resolute courage in officers and men, is a military combination that never failed.

We may well rejoice at the recent victories for they teach that battles are to be won now and by us in the same and only manner that they were ever won by any people, or in any age, since the days of Joshua, by boldly pursuing and striking the foe. What, under the blessing of Providence, I conceive to be the true organization of victory and military combination to end this war, was declared in a few words by Gen. Grant's message to Gen. Buckner—"I propose to move immediately on your works!"

Of course the Secretary of War does not intend to undervalue "organization," which is indeed indispensable to an efficient army, but only to give due prominence to another element of victory, viz.; "Inspiration." After the recruits are mustered into the ranks, and drilled to the duties of war, and brought out in battle array, there is still wanting something more—"a spirit" which comes from a sense of a just cause, from ardent love of country, and from those higher impulses which God alone inspires in the breast. Hence it is not merely by a figure of speech but literally true, that He is the Supreme Dispenser of Victory. May we learn to put our trust in Him, alike in the brightest and in the darkest hour!—*New York Evangelist.*

For the Advocate and Guardian,

ONE VOICE WAS CALM.

"FOR there stood by me this night the Angel of God, whose I am and whom I serve."—ACTS xxvii. 23.

THE heavy storm which for many days had beaten upon the ill-fated vessel in which Paul and his fellow prisoners had set sail for Rome, was still raging; for many weary nights no friendly star had greeted the eye of the weary watchers; and now even the weather-beaten tars were awe-struck, and all hope of escape was taken away. One voice alone was calm, one spirit quailed not before the storm, for it rested its hope on the sure promise of God, "who commandeth and raiseth up the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof, and who also maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still." Paul, the prisoner, about to appear before the judgment-seat of Caesar, alone and unbefriended, is yet calm and fearless, and now he lifts his voice above the roaring of the waters, with the confident assurance: "I exhort you to be of good courage, for there shall be no loss of any man's life, but of the ship."

And then he narrates, with the simplicity and pathos of truth, the wondrous night vision when the angel of God appeared to him and assured him of his safety, and that of his fellow-voyagers. "The angel of God," he touchingly says, "whose I am and whom I serve." Not always would he thus have spoken: once—a far worse prisoner than now—the slave of every hateful and malignant passion, yea, even "breathing out slaughter" against the disciples of the blessed Jesus, he journeyed forth a persecutor and a murderer, but Jesus, whom he persecuted, met him by the way, showed him all He had suffered for him, and what a costly price He had paid to ransom him from Satan's thrall. Melted by that touching display of the Saviour's compassion, from that hour his whole course was changed, new purposes and new desires animated his soul, and in very truth could he now exclaim, "Whose I am and whom I serve."

And with this great Apostle, may every true Christian exclaim, whenever he speaks of Jesus, "Whose I am and whom I serve." The whole visible Creation, it is true, belongs to Emmanuel, for "He spake, and it was done; He commanded, and it stood fast;" but above and beyond the universe He has created, He has one peculiar treasure for which He poured out his life's blood—it is his Church, his people—this is "His purchased possession," His inheritance. Redeemed by His blood, made free by His Spirit from the "law of sin and death," they have given themselves to Him, and feel that they are no longer their own, but His who bought them at so costly a price, and therefore are they sweetly constrained by His grace to live to His glory who hath so loved them.

Canst thou, O, humble believer, canst thou not adopt this language as thine own? Does not thy heart joyfully exclaim, "Whose

I am and whom I serve?" Then, when the world would allure thee by its flattery, or Satan tempt thee from thy allegiance by his wiles, remember thou art Christ's, dearer to Him than the glories of heaven; for these He left for thee; yea, dearer than His own life, for this He joyfully sacrificed for thee—for thee, poor, trembling, doubting one. Remember this, and every flattery will fall unheeded on thy charmed ear, listening to the voice of thy Beloved: every allurement will prove vain to draw thee from His pierced side. But remember, too, He calls thee to be up and doing for His cause and His sweet name's sake; for He hath said, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." Art thou doing all thou canst for Him who has done all for thee? Are there none whom, out of thine abundance, thou canst relieve? None ignorant of the way of truth whom thou mayest guide to Him who is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life?" None whom thou mayest rescue from the pit of destruction which yawns beneath their unwary feet? Oh! there is much to be done. The feeblest may find something to do or suffer for Christ. He never says to any member of His mystical body, "I have no need of thee." Only lift up thine eyes to His face and see the love and pity beaming there, and think how much thou owest unto thy Lord, and then lift up thy voice in supplication that He will show thee how thou canst best honor Him, and He will strengthen thee and will show thee how thou mayest, in a thousand ways, minister to Him, for He hath said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

THE "LONG AGO."

BY BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

OH, a wonderful stream is the river of time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broadening sweep, and a surge sublime,
That blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers like buds between,
And the year is the sheaf—so they come and they go
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides through the shadow and sheen.

There's a musical isle on the river of time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
There are heaps of dust, but we love them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments that SHE used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the airy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;

And we sometimes hear through turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be that blessed isle,

All the days of our life till night—
When the evening comes with his beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closed to slumber awhile,
May our "Greenwood" of soul be in sight!

Children's Department.

For the Advocate and Guardian,

THE LITTLE KNIFE MERCHANT:

AND

The Three Golden Lessons.

BY M. R. L.

"WE all might do good,
Whether lowly or great,
For the deed is not gauged
By the purse or estate;
If it be but a cup
Of cold water that's given,
Like the widow's two mites,
It is something for heaven."

THEODORE and Freddy Clay's father was a clergyman who resided about one hundred miles from the city of New York. Like most country ministers he received a very small salary, and would have found it much easier in his student days at college calculating eclipses, than to calculate how he should spread a meagre salary over the necessary wants of a dependent family, so as to leave no thread-bare spots in the form of unpaid bills. Toiling hard upon the bleak hills among a scattered people, where winter commenced early and tarried long, he usually entered upon the spring days with impaired health and languid energies. One of the questions that came up in this family in their yearly economical calculations was, How shall a few dollars be laid by toward a recruiting journey, so that the minister may regain his spent strength? Such an object was sufficient to quicken into activity any lagging energies among the "committee on ways and means," which consisted of the mother and two wide-awake, affectionate boys, at the ages of eight and five years. This was the stimulus that ever gave a new impulse to the poor mother's overtaxed brain as she passed through the daily ordeal of retrenchment, and imparted a sunny halo to the little saving plans of Theodore and Freddy.

"Nothing truly can be termed my own,
But what I make my own by using well,
Those deeds of charity which we have done,
Shall stay forever with us; and that wealth
Which we have so bestowed we only keep,
The other is not ours."—MIDDDETTON.

ONE May morning, at the commencement of the anniversaries in New York, Theodore and Freddy Clay stood under the budding maples by the old parsonage gate. Before it was the Pineville coach, which now held the dear object for which they had learned early the sweet lesson of self-sacrifice. There they stood—the May morning sunshine resting upon their young heads, its brightness blending with the soft brown of their hair. I could fancy the gladness on their young

faces the very reflection of that angel's wings who watches with such love, and records with such care, the little self-denying acts that gleam out along some human pathways, like lilies from among thorns.

On the following morning, Mr. Clay was walking musingly, and piloting his way almost unconsciously through the restless, turbid stream of life that roars along Broadway, when he was brought to a sudden stand in his meditations by a determined young knife merchant, whose anxiety to dispose of his wares to so benevolent a looking gentleman had led him to run the risk of being run into and capsized, cargo and all, by such an erratic voyager. Picking up himself and basket, and again stepping in front of our friend, he said, in a clear, manly tone, "Please buy a cheap knife, sir? Very cheap knives, only two shillings, sir." Mr. Clay looked into the pleasant face and honest, brown eyes lifted to his, and thought of his own dear boys, and their little plans of merchandise, to eke out the required sum that was able to send him in quest of health, and his thought said to him, "He is *somebody's* dear boy, and is it not my duty to help him in getting an honest living? I will cast a few crumbs upon these waters, perhaps they will be gathered again, by-and-by, round in Pineville;" and drawing forth fifty cents, he said to himself, as he dropped the coin into the boy's hand, "I guess Mary will think it prudent, when I tell her all about it." And so the good man passes on, and the stranger boy, unconscious that he has bestowed as well as received a good,

"For even I, so weak and poor,
May hear some word of life from Thee,
A beam of hope may reach some heart,
Even through me."

The dividing waves of the living current close upon each other again, and into it fades the fresh boyish face, and the kindly face of the grave man. Gone—and the surging human current rolls over the spot as if the recording angel had not rested on poised wing above it, to shed a blessing on the head of the good man who has never yet refused the cup of cold water in his Master's name.

To be continued.

THE BLIND IRISHMAN.

"I do not like reading," said little Johnny to his mother one day. "I wish you would not send me to school. It will be time enough to learn when I am a great boy."

"Well," said his mother, "if you do not like going to school, what *do* you like? Do you like to hear stories which people that can read find in books?"

"Yes, mother, you know I like to hear them."

"Well, as it is not yet school time, if you will bring your little stool, I will tell you a story; and then you must go to school willingly. When you are older and wiser, you will know the use of learning; now what you have chiefly to learn is to believe that I

know better than you, and to do everything I wish."

"Yes, mother, I will go willingly; and now I have got my little stool, and there is room for you to rest your feet on one corner, while you nurse baby, and I shall have plenty of room to sit also."

"Well, John, some years ago, a clergyman who was traveling in Ireland met a blind man, who partly guided his steps with a large stick, and partly by the aid of a little dog, which he held by a string."

"You are very old, my poor friend," said the clergyman.

"Ay, sir," replied the old man; "I am nearly a hundred years old, and a good thing it is for me that I have lived to be old; but (he added in a low tone) it was a bad thing for Solomon."

"Why so?" said the clergyman.

"Why, sir," replied the blind man, "if Solomon had died before he was old, he would have been remembered as one of the holiest men that ever lived. But if I had died before I was old, I should at this time be in hell. Solomon lived to disgrace himself; I have lived to obtain eternal glory."

"Why do you expect to obtain eternal glory?" said the clergyman.

"Because," replied the blind man, "I trust for my salvation to the blood of Jesus Christ, shed for poor sinners like me. And I know that the Holy Spirit of God dwells in me, and has brought me to the knowledge of heavenly things."

"Whom have you heard speak of these things?" said the clergyman.

"No one," replied the blind man.

"Then how came you by the knowledge of Scripture which you possess?"

"Sir," replied the old man, "about a year ago I began to be quite blind. I took this as a warning that I was drawing near to the grave, and I thought it time to prepare my soul for another world. I knew of no one who could teach me; but one of my little grandchildren had gone to school, and learned to read. I thought, if I bought a Bible, I could make my little grandson read to me constantly. I did so; the little boy read willingly, and through hearing the Scriptures, the Lord opened my heart to feel His love, to know myself a sinner, and to know that my sins were forgiven." Here the old man broke forth into many expressions of praise to God for His goodness.

"Now, my dear Johnny," said the mother, "if that little boy had not gone to school, and if he had not learned to read, his poor grandfather would have had nobody to tell him of God's love in sending Jesus to die for sinners. Perhaps the poor old man would have gone to the grave ignorant and wicked. Instead of that, the grandfather learned the way to heaven through the lessons of his little grandson; the little boy himself, in reading to his grandfather, learned from a child those Holy Scriptures, which are able to make him wise unto salvation, through

faith that is in Christ Jesus; and I dare say grew up to be a good man."

"O mother, mother," cried Johnny, "I know why you told me that story. You want me to be a useful little boy, and read to other people when I can read myself. And so I will. I will go to school directly, and try to learn, like a good boy. Here's my hat and bag. Good-by, mother; good-by, baby; I'm gone. Good-by, till dinner time."

For the Advocate and Guardian.

GONE, TO BE AN ANGEL.

DIED, of diphtheria, in Dertuyter, Madison Co., Nov. 30th, 1861, Frances E., daughter of John R. and Eliza M. Rider, aged thirteen years and four months.

The subject of this notice, though but a child, seemed to be endowed with capacities far beyond her years. Nearly a year ago she gave her heart to God, and by her example as a Christian, and by her simple child-like faith, has left an influence that will not easily be overcome. She was ever ready to go forward in the path of duty, and youthful as she was, seemed to enjoy the ordinances of the house of God. She cheerfully gave her hand to the church, and walked in all its statutes with unwavering fidelity. Young as she was, she was in the habit of keeping a diary, and one or two extracts are sufficient to show she fully realized the vows she had taken, and the responsibilities that were resting upon her.

Sept. 8th. To-day E. and I have joined the church. Oh, Heavenly Father, prepare us for the great duty resting upon us as church members, that we may not be stumbling blocks in the way of sinners, and that we may do our duty faithfully in Thy fear, and as in the sight of God; and may we exert such an influence in the world, that others may see, in our example, the beauties of religion."

Nov. 17th. I went to meeting to-night and spoke. I said, 'I feel that I would ever stand up as a witness for Christ, I am living by faith, and I know that my Heavenly Father will keep me in the straight and narrow path if I seek His counsel, and it is my determination to ever live so that I may receive His smiles and approbation. Pray for me that I may be faithful and meet you in heaven.'

We learn from her diary that morning and evening she offered up a prayer to God, and whenever she omitted it she wrote it down. The spirit of true devotion characterized every page, and the principles that guided her life are worthy of imitation by young and old. She was also a faithful little missionary, and the Master came and found her serving, for her last work was collecting funds to send a box to a mission school at the Five Points.

She was a subscriber to the *Advocate* and a few days previous to her sickness she said to her mother, "I want to take the *Advocate* the coming year, I like it so well."

She attended two Sabbath-schools, and her punctuality and faithfulness were unsurpassed. The lessons she learned, were recited with interest; and the sweet music of her voice as she sung the songs appropriate to Sabbath-school delighted all who heard them. She was a faithful attendant at the prayer-meetings; not only in her own church, but wherever prayer and praise ascended, there was she ever found.

The writer of this, well remembers the meeting to which she referred in her diary, and when she spoke it seemed as if a halo of celestial light surrounded her young face; but we little thought it was the last time we were to hear her sweet voice praising her Maker here on earth. She was ever joyous and happy in the society of her youthful friends, but dearly as she loved them, there were still greater pleasures for her in the social meetings of Christians; and she ever cheerfully performed the duties that seemed to be presented to her. Although her parents and friends looked forward to a life of usefulness for her God, in His wisdom pronounced her work finished, and took her to Himself; and while she is rejoicing, we are left to mourn our great loss. May other dear children follow her example.—*Com.*

THE TWO PATHS.

It was midnight. Upon the steps of luxury sat the starveling and motionless. His grief and want were too deep for utterance, The hours dragged heavily, but that poor, lone child heeded them not. His eyes were fastened upon the imagined feasts, the untouched abundance, with the fascinating sight of which hunger has the strange power of tantalizing its victims. At length, stiffened and chilled, he felt the dawn, and roused himself to look upon the face of day, the coming Sabbath—to him what a day of hunger and of misery! He saw a child draw near, through the gray light, and quickly his ear was saluted by a human voice speaking to him.

"What are you doing here? Have you been here all night?"

As though the hope of receiving aid from one scarcely less miserable than himself had given voice to his woe, the poor outcast told the story of his mother's death, and that he, too, was starving.

"Oh!" said the stranger boy, "come with me. I will get you bread enough. There's a baker round the corner, two or three blocks off, who has shut up his shutters badly. We can get in and out long before day."

"Will he give us bread?" inquired the hungry boy, but half comprehending his companion's words.

"Oh! no," said the other; "but we can steal it, just to keep from starving."

"No, no," was the instant reply. "I may starve, but I can't steal."

At length the stir of life warned the wan-

derer to quit his hard resting place. With slow footsteps he sauntered down Broadway, and reached St. Paul's just as the children were assembling for the Sabbath-school. Weary, yet objectless, he joined the entering throng, but staid his foot upon the threshold, till some one noticing him, came forward, led him to a seat, where listening with others to the words of his teachers, he forgot for a time his weariness and hunger. When the scholars dispersed, his teacher inquired where he lived, and soon drew from him the sad story of his mother's sufferings and death, and of his own darkened life. With true benevolence she took him to her own home, and there not only his present wants relieved, but his future was provided for, and this poor stranger became a sort of errand-boy in her father's office.

From an humble errand boy in a lawyer's office, he rose to be a lawyer, and then a judge. That poor, deserted boy who "might starve, but couldn't steal," is now a Christian judge, blessed of God and honored of men. Truly, the Sabbath-school was to him the gateway to knowledge, to honor and to religion.

And what became of the other boy who tempted him to steal in the dark hour of his trial? The way of transgression may seem easy at first, but in the end it is very hard. He had taken the first step in sin, others followed in quick succession, till within the walls of a prison he paid the penalty of the violated law.

The foregoing incidents are strictly true. They occurred in the city of New York.—*S. S. Times.*

For the Advocate and Guardian. OUR COUNTRY'S SHIELD.

THE stars and stripes are good,
But let the bow of promise span the sky.

BEFORE the early dawn of morning a gun came booming upon our ears; there, we thought, Is that an unexpected foe? In the time of trouble we are sensitive to every sound and movement. Oh, how sad would be our condition had we not a hiding place in this day of our calamity! We thought of the hen and her helpless brood, with a storm thickening in the sky, the clouds chasing each other, the lightning flashing athwart the heavens, and the thunder rolling in such grandeur as to force the exclamation, "The God of glory thundereth."

Yonder is the hen and her downy brood. They know not their danger, but she instinctively understands that trouble is near, and gathers them every one beneath her outstretched wings, they are hid. She feels safe in quietness and rest, until the angry elements cease their warfare. Shall we feel any less confidence beneath the Almighty wing? Is it not sufficient in might and power to shield our beloved country from its foes? We have thought we found such a personal hiding place, and exerted our faith to claim for the land shadowing with wings the peculiar protection of Heaven.

The God of nations has a wing sufficient to cover us so that no one shall set on us to hurt us. We think he has set us as a signet upon his hand. We do not exactly feel like good Nehemiah, "Remember us for this good," but we think our beloved country has so long been the welcome home of the poor exile stranger, and persecuted of other lands, that we have the blessing of some special promises. We would not intimate, for a moment, the gratitude of other nations due to us. Oh, no! but we only desire at this time to be peculiarly remembered on high. We are more of a Christian nation than we thought we were, abating our stupidity in conniving at barbarism and oppression, in our very bosom, so long. Our eyes are opening to the cause of all this trouble. God has heard the wailing cry which has long gone up from our land, and as He answers prayer, He must come and show Himself mighty in their behalf, and while He is using the rod of correction upon us He will keep off all foreign invaders. It is His own prerogative as our King, to reckon with us for our sins, for they have been against Him, not against our neighbors, only as far as example is concerned.

They have no right to trouble us, and we think God will let them know it is His duty alone, to bring us to a right mind about His holy law. The Spanish Armada once floated in crescent grandeur in sight of the goodly isle—our mother—but prayer went up, the church of Christ was bowed at the mercy-seat. The Almighty wing was over the favored, defenseless little spot, and in the morning the foreign foes were not to be seen.

Only let us be hid beneath the Almighty wing, and in righteousness work our way out of all this trouble, by undoing the heavy burdens and letting the oppressed go free.

THE CALL TO PRAYER.

BY MRS. SARAH S. SOCWELL.

LIKE the music of a dream, like the sounds one hears in waking hours that are given to visions, sweeter than the voices of birds, far sweeter than the sound of organ in cathedral or choir, be it ever so triumphant, came over the river, at break of day, the muezzin's call to prayer.—*Passages of Eastern Travel, by an American.*

"ARISE and pray!" upon the air it thrills,
As in the Egyptian heaven the stars grow pale,
And o'er Mohattam's purple line of hills,
We watch the gleaming of a gauzy veil,
As with soft-gliding feet the timid day
Steals from her shadowy couch—"Arise and pray!"

"Arise and pray!" from one tall, slender spire
Sounds, sweet and mellow, the muezzin's call;
A hundred echoes swell the tuneful choir,
Filling the air with tones, more musical
Than the rich organ on the charmed air flings,
Or e'er is wakened from the wind-harp's strings.

A hundred minarets take up the strain—
"Arise and pray! 'tis better than to sleep!"
Swelling the music of that grand refrain,
Until the sky gives back the echo deep,
And rock, and tower, and river seem to say,
"The morning comes—awake! arise and pray!"

O'er the great city, motionless and calm,
Strangely majestic in its deep repose,
O'er the wide plain, and groves of feathery palm,

And the lone desert waters, the sweet sound flows,
Mingling in softly with the wind's low sigh,
And the broad, solemn river flowing by.

"Arise and pray!" what holy thoughts awake
As the priest's matin-call fills the still air;
The indolence that binds our spirits break,
This dull life loses half its heavy care,
And as the sound dies soft and sweet away,
In holy peace and joy we rise and pray!
La Prairie Centre, Ill.

DOMESTIC DUTIES.—A knowledge of domestic duties, says Mrs. Child, is beyond all price to a woman. Every one of our sex ought to know how to sew, and knit and mend, and cook, and superintend a household. In every situation of life, high or low, this sort of knowledge is of great advantage. There is no necessity that the gaining of such information should interfere with intellectual acquirement or elegant accomplishment. A well-regulated mind can find time for all. When a girl is nine or ten years old, she should be accustomed to take some regular share in household duties, and to feel responsible for the manner in which her part is performed, such as her own mending, washing the cups, and putting them in place, cleaning silver or dusting and arranging parlors. This should not be occasionally, and neglected whenever she feels it convenient; she should consider it her department. When older than twelve, girls should begin to take turn in superintending the household, making puddings, pies, cake, etc.; to learn effectually to do these things themselves, and not stand by and see others do them.

Advocate and Guardian.

NEW YORK, APRIL 1, 1862.

In future, the Editor of this paper cannot hold herself responsible for the return of communications not accepted.

HOPE FOR THE COUNTRY.

THE course of events, gives hope for our country. Every day the pen of Time is writing history that will be read by generations yet to be with deep interest. Dark and dense as is the cloud that hangs over us, light gleams from beyond it, and there are tokens that He who rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm, is about to reveal anew His great designs of mercy. True, the public mind is agitated like the heaving ocean, but in many prominent instances, it turns to Him, who holds the rod. His Spirit manifestly moves unseen, but not unfelt, amid all these commotions and there are striking developments, mental, moral and spiritual, showing that the voice of God is heard in the soul, and that He is turning and overturning human purposes as the rivers of water are turned. With all that is encouraging and all that is fearful in the issues of the hour, two things have recently transpired that seem especially to indicate the guiding hand of

Divine providence. We refer to the appearance of the "Monitor" just at the time and place where she was indispensable to save life, and repel danger, and also to a monitor of another name, issuing from the Executive of the nation, and proposing a movement that may eventually secure emancipation, compensated or otherwise. The document presenting to the people this momentous question so bears the imprint of imparted Heavenly wisdom, that all parties seem more ready to approve it than any measure hitherto suggested. It commends itself to the reason and the judgment of the masses as wise and kind, and indispensable to the good of all. The universal discussion of the subject, now pervading the press and the entire country, must tell for the right, and effect salutary results. Let none, who frequent the mercy-seat, despair of what God may yet do for this His heritage, in His own good time.

"Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw."

SPRING.

"**THERE** seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every opening flower,
Which tells, O God, the wondrous tale
Of Thy indulgence, love and power;
The birds that rise on quivering wing,
Appear to hymn their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of Spring
To Thee a general anthem raise."

ONCE again winter is over and gone. Dreary and desolate has it been to many hearts, filled with associations never to be blotted from the page of memory. Wrapped in its snowy shroud through its latest hours, it has departed, giving place to spring. Genial, hopeful, beautiful spring comes breathing like a renovating spirit upon the hidden germs so long grasped by the frost-king; silently but surely will the life-giving process go on for a brief period, and then a mantle of green, fresh from nature's vast storehouse, will be spread over mountain and valley, and the broad landscape again become vocal with praise to the beneficent Creator.

As the ear is charmed by sweet sounds, from field and forest, and the eye rests anew upon the swelling buds and opening leaves of spring-time, the remembrance of the magnitude of our nation's sorrows, compressed into one little year, rolling over us like the bolts of the rifted storm-cloud, must cause sadness and tears to mingle with the pleasures of spring. Its opening flowers must be reminders of perished hopes, and joys forever gone. Its gifts of love be mingled with associations of happier days, when peace smiled in all our borders, and horrid war caused none to mourn the absent or the dead.

Still spring comes to all, as a friendly, welcome guest. Not an opening leaf but tells us that its Author yet lives and lives to bless—that His love is over all, and when His just judgments shall have accomplished their wise design, He will bring light out of darkness, and in answer to the prayers of His people, work out for the cause of truth and righteousness an infinite deliverance.

As nature is ever working to accomplish the Divine will, so should man, following her teachings, go and do likewise, till his mission is accomplished. The present season comes out with a volume of sermons, full of practical suggestions that he who runs may read, closing with the monition, Let the energies of none be paralyzed because of existing developments, for

"The spring succeedeth winter,
And day must follow night."

"A GENEROUS PROPOSAL" ADOPTED.

THE benevolent friend, who proposed, under date of Jan. 14th, to initiate a movement that would afford permanent help to the Home, will be rejoiced to hear that his suggestion is being adopted. Some have already signified their readiness to become "stockholders" in the Endowment Fund of ten thousand dollars—of which the friend referred to above—Mr. Elisha Hathaway, of Bristol, R. I.—gives the first one thousand dollars, by offering to deed a house and lot to the Society, when the balance is raised.

Such as prefer to do so, give interest-bearing notes, to be paid at such time as may suit their convenience, meanwhile paying the interest thereon annually or semi-annually as the donor pleases. For this purpose the form of a note has been prepared and printed, copies of which will be sent to any one wishing to aid the Society in this specific way.

The design is to invest the amount (as it is received,) in securities that will yield at least six per cent. interest, the income alone being used for current expenses of the Society.

As the average cost of each beneficiary of the Home is not more than \$15, and in our industrial schools less than \$6 a year for each scholar, it follows that the donor of \$250 makes perpetual provision for one of the former, and of \$100, for one of the latter class.

There are, we doubt not, many who will esteem it a privilege to thus provide against the contingencies so frequently arising to interfere with the income of the Society. *

THE WEAK THINGS CONFOUNDING THE MIGHTY.

"So shines a good deed in this naughty world."

A FEW years since, a devoted servant of the Prince of Peace walked the streets of Hamburg, earnestly desiring to be made instrumental in saving the perishing. Of wealth he was wholly destitute, and was conscious of no peculiar gifts or influence; but there welled up in his heart, love to God and love to man, especially to the children of want, neglect and crime, and upon this class his eye rested with deep pity, and unutterable longings to do them good. Presently a door was opened for him to realize the fulfilment of the precious promise, "Delight thyself in the Lord, He also shall give thee the desire of thine heart." A few of the young outcasts of the city were gathered, and made to feel the power of love, and the blessings of a Christian Home. [A fine engraving of the "Rough House" where they first bowed together to offer prayer and praise, is before us. Its added tenements and rural surroundings and the known uses to which they have been applied, make the picture 'a thing of beauty.]

This work of faith and labor of love was begun and prosecuted only in the spirit and strength of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost, and no weapon formed against it has prospered. Through its agency, hundreds, worse than orphaned, have been led to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world, educated for His service and in their turn have become ministers and missionaries of the cross, sojourning in many lands, and doing for others what has been done for them.

Thus far the institution has seemed to be under the special guidance of Him who hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty, and it would seem from the following statement, which we copy from a late *Independent*, that its agency may perhaps affect the spiritual welfare of the entire kingdom. Our frequent notices of this important work have made its details so familiar to our readers, that this sketch of a new phase of opposition to its progress cannot fail to be read with interest.

The many friends of the outcast and homeless in our own land, whose efforts have long met with such signal favor, and reached so large a class on their way to ruin, need not be surprised should they also meet in some new guise, the attacks of the enemy of all righteousness. It is not to be supposed that he will allow so many expected reinforce-

ments to his great army, to be withdrawn, in any measure, from his grasp, without a struggle. In so far as any work is of God, those who labor in it with singleness of purpose, do well to heed the counsel, "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you;" also to remember, "If when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is thankworthy."

THE BROTHERS OF THE ROUGH HOUSE, GERMANY.

A brisk controversy is at present going on in Germany respecting a religious association in the Protestant Church, called the Brothers of the Rough House. More than half a dozen books have been published against it or in its defense, and a large portion of the periodical press have taken part in the discussion, which is still attracting great attention throughout Germany, and which is making the object and the operations of the society extensively known among all classes of the people. The controversy is not yet ended, and bids fair to be of considerable influence on the religious life of the entire country. It, therefore, well deserves that we bring it to the notice of the American churches.

To many of our readers the name of the Brothers of the Rough House will not be altogether unknown. They are a religious association of men, founded by Dr. Wichern, and educated in "the Rough House," near Hamburg, the great parent and central institution of the society, for becoming school-teachers, for taking charge of orphans and poor-houses, of houses of refuge, of hospitals and prisons, and for devoting themselves to other works of Christian charity. The founder, Dr. Wichern, is well known as one of the most distinguished divines of Germany, and, in particular, as one of the chief promoters and organizers of the home missionary societies of the National Church, over whose general meetings, held in connection with the Church Diets, he has been accustomed to preside. The association, though by the strictness of its organization it bears apparently some resemblance to the monastic orders of the Roman Catholic Church, is entirely free from all Romanizing as well as High Church tendencies, and enjoys the entire approbation of the evangelical churches of Germany, which look upon its members as its most efficient missionaries. Some years ago Dr. Wichern received a call to Berlin as a member of the Supreme Ecclesiastical Board of the Prussian State Church, and a counselor of the state ministry, because the Government wished to secure his valuable services both for the administration of the largest German church and, in particular, for a reformation of the prisons of the state. In both these positions which he occupied in Prussia, he has exercised a great and salutary influence. More recently he has been enabled to lay at Berlin the foundation of a large es-

tablishment similar to the Rough House of Hamburg. Although the opponents of evangelical Christianity have often had occasion to declare their dissatisfaction with the religious principles of Dr. Wichern, yet they have generally given credit to his philanthropic zeal, and his institutions had but rarely been exposed to attack. Not a little sensation was therefore created by a work of Dr. von Holtzendorff, a law professor at the University of Berlin, entitled, "The Brotherhood of the Rough House. A Protestant Order in the Service of the State. From Documents not before Published." (*Die Bruderschaft des Rauhen Hauses*. Berlin, 1861.) As might be expected from the sensational title, the book found a rapid sale. Every one was anxious to see the startling discoveries made in "documents not before published," and in which the author charges the Brethren with being a kind of Protestant Jesuits, an association of hypocrites, and most dangerous both to church and state. Those who were personally acquainted with the institution of Dr. Wichern, were not a little surprised to find that the sensational pamphlet produced absolutely nothing but what all the numerous friends had known for years, and that no discoveries could be found in it except it were the author's astonishing ignorance of the subject. He shows himself throughout a blind partisan; he objects to the common prayer of the Brethren and the common celebration of the Lord's Supper; and draws inferences as to the dangerous character of the institution from such regulations as recommend to the members to profess the Lord Jesus by a holy and quiet life, to keep peace with everybody, to live pure and chaste in words and deeds, etc. A particular importance is attributed to the "discovery" of a secret language which the Brethren use in their correspondence, because, the author says, "it might be used for secret political societies, for plots and robberies;" and yet the language is not more or even less secret than stenography, and the author had no trouble to get the key to it. To refute such arguments and charges was easy for the members of the association, and the task has been ably performed by one of their prominent men, Rev. Mr. Oldenberg, the chaplain of the jail in Berlin. His work (*Die Bruder des Rauhen Hauses. Wider Herrn Dr. von Holtzendorff*. Berlin, 1861,) has given general satisfaction to the evangelical churches, and is recommended by the entire religious press of Germany. From the last papers received from Germany, we learn that Professor Holtzendorff has replied to the work of Oldenberg and other defenses of the Rough House, in a pamphlet entitled "The Order of the Brothers of the Rough House and their Labors in the Houses of Correction, with further Communications from the Documents not yet published." (*Der Bruderorden des Rauhen Hauses*, etc. 1862.) As the title indicates, the author now seeks to limit the controversy mostly to the influence exercised by the Brothers as chaplains and

superintendents of the jails; but from the passages which we have quoted above, it is evident that every evangelical agency in prisons would be substantially exposed to the same censure; although, of course, a particular organization like the Brothers of the Rough House, with all its excellences, may have some features open to dispute.

The applause which the pamphlets of Professor Holtzendorff has received from a portion of the irreligious press has called forth another pamphlet from one Dr. Duboc, on "the Propaganda of the Rough House, and the Institution of St. John's, at Berlin. A Warning." (*Die Propaganda des Rauhen Hauses, etc.*, Leipzig, 1862.) It appears to be mainly intended for the lower class of German infidels. He turns his attacks directly against the spirit of the Home Missionary Society, which he denounces as "the sworn enemy of the progressive spirit of the age." He thinks that the present age is "tired of praying," and "expects its redemption from practical and energetical exertions of man in all spheres of public life." He is, therefore, indignant at the establishment of another Rough House in Berlin, "the city, which, as the future metropolis of Germany, has the mission to swing high the banner of enlightenment." He, therefore, calls on "all the liberal elements of society" to rally for the war against such retrograde tendencies, especially by the establishment of counter societies. Thus the contest is becoming one between the defenders of Christianity and its opponents; of the former hardly one will have his views of the Rough House changed by the above-named pamphlets against it, while on the other hand it is gratifying to see that even many who in their religious views do not sympathize with the evangelical Protestants of Germany, have indicated their high sense of the labors of the Rough House by the offer of great voluntary contributions.

One of the most important works on the controversy is a pamphlet by the venerable Dr. Wichern himself, called "The Rough House, its Children and Brethren," (*Das Rauhe Haus*. Hamburg, 1861.) It was originally intended to be merely an account of the labors of the brothers of the Rough House during the past year; but the recent attacks on the institution induced the author to enlarge it, and to reply to the assailants. As it is, it gives a complete report of all the operations of the Rough House since its beginning. During the last sixteen years, 846 young men have applied for admission into the brotherhood, but only 250 of these have been admitted. This number has been by far insufficient to supply the demands, which called, during the same period, for 787 laborers, and proceeded from 3 state ministries, 43 magistracies of cities, and a large number of associations, political communities, school boards, and private individuals. Of the Brethren who have been sent out, 124 are laboring in Prussia, 9 in the United States, 5 in Russia, 4 in London, 4 in Syria, 1 in Servia, 1 in Tur-

key, and the rest in the smaller countries of Germany.

The prospects of the Rough House were never so bright as since the beginning of this literary controversy. Thousands who were formerly indifferent as to Christian institutions for its support were never so liberal as at present. Thus, what was intended for its ruin will probably result in widening its sphere of usefulness.

TRIBUTE TO WOMAN'S SKILL.

It will be seen by the following notice that the popular seminary to which it refers, has again reverted to the care of its worthy founders. The allusion to the financial and business sagacity of one of the sisters, is very complimentary, and a good answer to the remark sometimes made, "What do women know about business?"

"**LE ROY FEMALE SEMINARY.**—At a meeting of the Synod of Genesee, held last week, this excellent institution, now called Ingham University, was returned to the two sisters, Mrs. Stanton and Miss Ingham, who generously gave the property to the Synod a few years ago. The reason assigned for this change is stated in *The Perry Times* to be, that the financial and general business sagacity and tact of Miss Marietta Ingham surpassed the practical capacity of the entire Synod to successfully conduct the affairs of the institution."—*New York Evangelist.*

The history of this noble institution, like that of Mount Holyoke, and kindred enterprises, may well prove a stimulus to female effort, wherever the path of duty is made plain. While there are many honorable exceptions, yet facts have too long justified the reproach that women know too little about business. Too few of our youthful daughters who have the most favorable opportunities, are taught the importance of acquiring a good, common-sense, business education. Wise parents regard this training as a matter of special importance in the case of sons, and lay their plans early to give it due attention; but in relation to daughters, too often mere fashionable accomplishments take the place of more solid acquisitions, and the loss is felt through life, in whatever relations they may sustain. Is a small inheritance left them, they know not, as they should, how to manage it wisely and well, and thus preserve a competence for future need. Are they left destitute, they lack personal resources, the conscious ability to plan and execute with skill and efficiency, and thus fill an honorable sphere of usefulness, with satisfactory results. In our judgment every daughter, whatever her present or prospective position, should

acquire the knowledge that may enable her, should need require, to become a thorough teacher in the seminary, the music department, or in any branch of domestic avocations; and in some one line of business best suited to her taste she should be competent to excel. That all needful labor is honorable, and its performance, when necessary, in no sense derogatory to character, should become early a settled point in home education. We believe these to be the views taught in the seminaries above named, and their early adoption by the founders of the same, doubtless explains the secret of their prosperity and usefulness.

Let the daughters of our land all be rightly trained, and early led to the fold of Christ, and the coming age will have mothers and teachers prepared to do an angel's work. If "coming events cast their shadows before," there will be work in the moral vineyard for years to come, enough to enlist the energies of a race.

We are happy to notice and commend, in this connection, a worthy effort inaugurated by the New York Ladies' Educational Union, of this city, whose object is to give to the destitute daughters of deceased soldiers, "the advantages of education, and the means of honorable self-support." We are assured that those who have undertaken this good enterprise are prompted by motives as high and holy as were those of the founders of the Institutions above named, and that in their Christian energy, intelligence, and indomitable perseverance, they command equally the elements of success.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

"Then shall the Righteous answer Him, saying, Lord, when?"

It seems probable that some of the richest experiences attending our "entrance into the joy of our Lord," will consist in the glad surprises that shall await us, and the unexpected commendations which the Beloved Master will bestow.

The loving and faithful child of God longs so much to do something for his Saviour, that he attempts it in many ways. In some instances he labors on, perseveringly for years, seeing so little apparent result from his efforts, that he can only be comforted by knowing—as Ryle observes, "That it is the faithful, and not the successful servant, whom God commands." He never imagines that some of those very words which seemed to himself so cold, and which apparently met with no response from the persons addressed, sunk deep into the heart of one of the listeners, and never ceased to sound in his ears till they led him to the Saviour's feet. What a joy will then await him,

when among the assembled host this ransomed soul shall point him out as the instrumentality employed for its salvation. Will he not say, *When was I permitted to do this?*

My grateful heart always turns to the dear servant of God, who in a crowded congregation, gathered to listen to his message, was permitted to speak those words that decided me in my half-formed, vague resolution to seek Jesus. He knew nothing of me, nor of the circumstance at the time. More than thirty years have passed. I have never since met this brother beloved. I suppose he has now gone to his reward, should I ever get there, and point him out as my guide into the kingdom, will he not have reason to ask in joyful amazement, "Lord, when?"

Among the followers of Jesus whom I meet from time to time, is a poor woman whom I sometimes employ to sew for me. Having often had occasion to see her in circumstances most trying to faith, and patience, and forbearance, I have been so impressed with the meekness and gentleness and calm trust displayed—together with her unconscious humility and unostentatious demeanor—that I have come back to my cheerful, luxurious home, with a lesson imprinted on my heart, a model before my eyes, that has perceptibly influenced me all the day.

If that meek daughter of the Lord Jehovah, supposes that she exerts *any* influence, I am certain that she never imagines it can reach to one so little known, and so far placed above her in the social scale as I. I would not, for worlds, mar that humility that I so envy in her—and therefore she will never know, here below, that she has done me any good. Shall I meet her, by God's mercy, in Heaven, and tell her that she helped me in my pilgrimage? If I do, how joyfully she will turn to the Master and ask, "Lord, when?"

Some months since my little daughter brought home from Sunday-school a Child's Paper. I usually read these little messengers of love with interest, and with a hope that they may reach the young hearts for whom they are chiefly intended. On this occasion I read an article written for young Christians—which most older persons probably read casually. But I found in it a message for *me*, a word of counsel and encouragement, just then especially needed. It is hardly necessary to add, that I read it again and again, and appropriated it both by extracting, for future reference, some striking thoughts, and by "inwardly digesting" its counsel, and endeavoring to practice it, until it has become a part of my own life and experience.

Who wrote that little article for that Child's Paper? I know not. The author knows not whom it benefitted. But there is One, the best Beloved of us both, I trust, who knows! Perhaps, in the Better Land, He will commend that dear unknown brother or sister for the good done by the pen in His service. The response must be, "Lord, when?"

Ah! dear brethren in the Lord, it matters not whether we know *now*, or not. God has sent us all into his vineyard and bidden us work. Let us do it diligently. He knows whether our labor produces fruit, and when. Let us never miss an opportunity, never neglect one occasion of doing, or saying, or writing something for Him. "We know not which shall prosper"—and because we know not, we should not dare to omit sowing one seed. The very one we waste God may have designed for great fruit-bearing. Are you at work at all—are you doing all you can? Or, because you cannot see the seed you have sown germinate, have you folded your hands and said, "No use for me to try; I never do any good. I surely lack the wisdom, or the tact, or the capacity, for I have tried, and failed. God will not require it of *me*."

My dear brother, how do you know you failed? Seed sometimes lies buried long before it grows. Do not be discouraged; do you not know what the Lord Jesus said? "So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground; and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, *he knoweth not how.*" Put your seed in, water it well with earnest prayer, and then calmly sleep and rise, trusting in God. It matters not that you know not how it springs up, or when. *God knows.* Perhaps you will know some day, that it did grow, and shall say in astonishment and praise, "Lord, when?"

The instances selected above are no fancy sketches; they are actual facts from my own experience, chosen from many similar ones. And I suppose you, dear friends, can recall similar ones, which have come under your own observation, where great good has been effected, unsuspected by the agent. Think of the countless instances of blessed results from books, hymns or religious papers. Of the stimulants to faith, or zeal, or love, or repentance, produced by a sermon, or a casual remark even, of which *you only* are aware. The servants of Christ, who were the agents in these blessed results, were doing as we should do, obeying their Lord, casting in the net, and trusting to Him for the number of souls which should be enclosed.

I cannot help thinking that we attach too much importance to known "results." Is it not enough to do what we can for Jesus, just to show our love, our obedience? He does not absolutely need our help. He could accomplish all without it. But I do believe it pleases Him to have us attempt with all our faculties to serve Him, even if we do fail. His approval is reward enough, is it not, redeemed sinner? But when, in addition, we have so many proofs of His giving the increase, to our planting and watering, shall we ever falter in the glad service? No! a thousand times, No! If we have been "put in trust of the Gospel," let us see that we "hold forth the word of life" to every one within our reach. MARA.

"Vale of Baca," Feb. 14, 1862.

THE following beautiful poem, written for the meridian of London, by a noble woman of worldwide fame, whose sweet notes have recently been hushed in the silence of the grave, will strike chords of sympathy in all hearts, the world over, that join in the prayer

"O, save the little children
Of poverty and crime."—ED.

SONG FOR THE RAGGED SCHOOLS OF LONDON.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

[WE extract the following from advance proof-sheets of a new volume shortly to be issued by James Miller, New York, entitled, "LAST POEMS, by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, with a Memorial by Theodore Tilton:"]

Independent.

I AM listening here in Rome.

'England's strong,' say many speakers,
'If she winks, the Czar must come,
Prow and topsail, to the breakers.'

'England's rich in coal and oak,'
Adds a Roman, getting moody,
'If she shakes a traveling cloak,
Down our Appian roll the scudi.'

'England's righteous,' they rejoin,
'Who shall grudge her exaltations,
When her wealth of golden coin
Works the welfare of the nations?'

I am listening here in Rome.
Over Alps a voice is sweeping—
'England's cruel! save us some
Of these victims in her keeping!'

As the cry beneath the wheel
Of an old triumphal Roman
Cleft the people's shouts like steel,
While the show was spoilt for no man,
Comes that voice. Let others shout,
Other poets praise my land here:
I am sadly sitting out,
Praying, 'God forgive her grandeur.'

Shall we boast of empire, where
Time with ruin sits commissioned?
In God's liberal blue air
Peter's dome itself looks wizened;

And the mountains, in disdain,
Gather back their lights of opal
From the dumb, despondent plain,
Heaped with jawbones of a people.

Lordly English, think it o'er,
Cæsar's doing is all undone!
You have cannons on your shore,
And free parliaments in London,

Princes' parks, and merchants' homes,
Tents for soldiers, ships for seamen,—
Ay, but ruins worse than Rome's
In your pauper men and women.

Women leering through the gas,
(Just such bosoms used to nurse you,)
Men, turned wolves by famine—pass!
Those can speak themselves, and curse you.

But these others—children small,
Spilt like blots about the city,
Quay, and street, and palace-wall—
Take them up into your pity!

Ragged children with bare feet,
Whom the angels in white raiment
Know the names of, to repeat
When they come on you for payment.

Ragged children, hungry-eyed,
Huddled up out of the coldness

On your door-steps side by side,
Till your footman damns their boldness.

In the alleys, in the squares,
Begging, lying little rebels;
In the noisy thoroughfares,
Struggling on with piteous trebles.

Patient children—think what pain
Makes a young child patient—ponder!
Wronged too commonly to strain
After right, or wish, or wonder.

Wicked children, with peaked chins,
And old foreheads! there are many
With no pleasure except sins,
Gambling with a stolen penny.

Sickly children, that whine low
To themselves and not their mothers,
From mere habit,—never so
Hoping help or care from others.

Healthy children, with those blue
English eyes, fresh from their Maker,
Fierce and ravenous, staring through
At the brown loaves of the baker.

I am listening here in Rome,
And the Romans are confessing,
English children pass in bloom
All the prettiest made for blessing.'

'Angli angelis!' (resumed
From the medieval story)
'Such rose angelhoods, emplumed
In such ringlets of pure glory!'

Can we smooth down the bright hair,
O, my sisters, calm, unthrilled in
Our heart's pulses? Can we bear
The sweet looks of our own children,

While those others, lean and small,
Scurf and mildew of the city,
Spot our streets, convict us all
Till we take them into pity?

'Is it our fault?' you reply,
When, throughout civilization,
Every nation's empire
Is asserted by starvation?

'All these mouths we cannot feed,
And we cannot clothe these bodies.'

Well, if man's so hard indeed,
Let them learn at least what God is!

Little outcasts from life's fold,
The grave's hope they may be joined in,
By Christ's covenant consoled
From our social contract's grinding.

If no better can be done,
Let us do but this,—endeavor
That the Sun behind the sun
Shine upon them while they shiver!

On the dismal London flags,
Through the cruel social juggle,
Put a thought beneath their rags
To ennable the heart's struggle.

O my sisters, not so much
Are we asked for—not a blossom
From our children's nosegay, such
As we gave it from our bosom,—

Not the milk left in their cup,
Not the lamp while they are sleeping,
Not the little cloak hung up
While the coat's in daily keeping—

But a place in RAGGED SCHOOLS,
Where the outcasts may to-morrow
Learn by gentle words and rules
Just the uses of their sorrow.

O, my sisters! children small,
Blue-eyed, wailing through the city—
Our own babes cry in them all:
Let us take them into pity.

REPORT OF HOUSE COMMITTEE FOR FEBRUARY.

FEB. 5TH.—The Board meeting, ever a pleasant and encouraging prelude to the work of the month, was well attended, and made especially interesting by the reports from the several schools, showing a most satisfactory record of work accomplished, not only for the temporal, but the eternal good of the many precious souls brought under their influence. Near the close of the meeting, a case was presented by a lady which promised to be of some interest. It was that of a woman—who had been present till requested to retire—represented to have been bereft of her family some years since, while a resident of New Orleans, and subsequently living in the capacity of housekeeper in the family of W. S., in the state of Ohio. They having left for a long stay in Europe, she started for this city to seek another home. On the way thither was induced to accept a similar situation offered her by a gentleman who had overheard her story, as she related it to a lady whom she met, and recognized as a friend and frequent visitor at the house of W. S. After traveling with him a short distance, he mysteriously disappeared, and with him her trunk, containing five hundred dollars and all she possessed. With the assistance of the lady spoken of, she was enabled to reach New York, bearing a letter of introduction to Mrs. Dr. C., an entire stranger to the writer of the letter. Other facts brought to light, led us to suppose that the whole story was a fabrication. The sequel proved that we were right. She believed, from the manner in which she was scanned and interrogated, that her deception was known, and before the parties, first interested, had time for further investigation, she left under cover of night for parts unknown. Her "guilty conscience needed no accuser."

The mother of two of our children, committed some time since, had broken her wrist by a fall, and being unable to work sought shelter for a time. Her request was granted, and soon after she was placed in the hospital, that she might receive proper medical treatment.

A fine, intelligent boy of thirteen years was committed by his aunt. His parents were residing in California, and his father having occasion to return to this city, brought the boy with him, and died soon after. Since then many unsuccessful efforts have been made to hear from his mother, and there is every reason to believe she, too, is dead. The aunt, being too poor to keep him, placed him in a family in the country, which proved to be a very unsuitable place for him, and she was now "only too glad," she said, to commit him to the care and protection of the Society. "She had long known of the good being done here, and in early life, when struggling with want, had fre-

quently urged her mother to give her up to its fostering care," and "how much better off would I have been now had she done so," she added. A more intimate knowledge of the boy proved him to be upright and truthful, and his training such that he needed not the probationary discipline required of most of his age to prepare them for other homes, and it was decided to send him at once to a good home waiting to receive him.

A poor mother who had, when crushed with dishonor and grief, given up her infant, comes asking to have it restored to her. The destroyer of her peace, unlike most of his class, had sought to make reparation by making her his lawful wife. Having the necessary proofs of their marriage, it is with no little satisfaction we return to their keeping this precious charge, trusting that repentance for this one great wrong may lead them to seek forgiveness for all their sins, and thus they may be better fitted to discharge the duties they have assumed.

A group of our older boys were gathered in the parlor to consider some preliminaries necessary to their departure for new homes whither they are going in a few days, and it would have cheered and encouraged the hearts of those who have labored long in behalf of all such, could they have heard their ready responses, and recitations from Scripture, as question after question was put to them, and the earnest attention they gave to the kind advice given them by one of our number present. They would have felt that they had not labored in vain, or waited long for the fruit. Their countenances were beaming with expectation, and we could scarce repress a sigh, as we thought of the time when they would look back upon crushed hopes, and weep over bright anticipations never realized. Oh, how we longed to make our voice heard by all who might in future shelter them, in pleading that they would carefully protect, kindly treat, and love them, if not for their sake, for the sake of Him who took children in his arms and blessed them, saying, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Passed through the hall, crowded with applicants, whose present wants were being relieved as far as possible from the Dorcas room. As we threaded our way along the busy thoroughfares, attending to other items of business relating to our work, their earnest, pleading gaze seemed to follow us, reproaching us that we should pass them by without giving an ear to the tale of hidden sorrow they so longed to disclose, and doing our part in distilling hope and joy along the weary pathway of a life so dark that they cannot but feel that

"Naught but shadows are dispensed below,
And earth has no reality but woe."

On our return, we missed from the nursery our little dark-eyed Mary, and were told that she had been borne away in the arms of her foster father. Although this is of almost every day occurrence, and we are glad to have it so,

it is always with painful emotions we part, perhaps forever, with the little pets we have cared for, and so learned to love.

Feb. 13th. We have often thought that a participation in the active and ever-changing scenes connected with our "Home life" would be the best antidote for a mind diseased. The multiform phases which human sorrow and want are here ever presenting, the active sympathy and untiring effort which they imperatively demand, and from which there is no appeal, must serve to withdraw the mind from the contemplation of its own real or imaginary griefs, and present a healthful stimulus to its waning or dormant energies. A pleasing episode in the ordinary routine of "Home" affairs occurred to-day in the form of a soup dinner, to the nearly three hundred pupils of Home Industrial school No. 1. Our excellent matron and equally estimable housekeeper, had asked this privilege of the Ex. Com., which was most cheerfully granted. Our friends are probably all aware that we furnish a dinner of bread to these poor children daily, which is eagerly devoured, and which constitutes in some cases the only full meal they receive. No intimation was given them of the treat in store, but they were formed into line, and marched into the dining-room, when the scene that presented itself to their astonished visions, gave rise to emotions too deep for utterance, and silently, and with tears (but not of sorrow) trickling down the cheeks of many, they took their places at the table, where, having in unison implored the Divine blessing, they gratefully enjoyed their surprise, and our kind caretakers felt more than compensated for the additional labor it had cost them to make the necessary arrangements.

Feb. 14th. Received a note from a city missionary, recommending to our charity a very destitute Scotch family. The father had been confined to the house by illness a year. They were dismissed with a bundle of bedding and comfortable clothing. A friend called in behalf of a colored family, consisting of the father who had been out of work all winter, the mother who had been confined to the house several years crippled by rheumatism, and three small children. They were in a starving condition, not having a mouthful of food in the house. They were furnished with meal, beans, and bread. Two nice-looking young girls, one an orphan, the other a half orphan who had been living with friends who were too poor to care for them longer, applied for situations to do light work; sent each to a place we judged suitable, and as we have not since seen or heard from them, presume they were accepted. An application was made from St. Luke's Hospital, to receive an orphan girl, L. L. She is represented as being very active and cheerful, and altogether a very brilliant child. The only drawback to her being every way desirable for adoption is, that she is somewhat deformed. It is thought an appeal to the benevolent in her

behalf, may induce some one to take her, as she is healthful, amiable and pleasing.

A mother for the motherless,
A home, how sweet the name;
To childhood, friendless, penniless,
A voice says, "Feed my lambs."
The hearts that listen and obey,
To them may it be given,
To polish jewels for the crown
That they may wear in heaven.
Concluded in our next.

Correspondence.

Marlborough, N. J., 1862.

Dear Madam,—This month Katherine is 18 years of age, and her time of *indenture* expires. I am happy to say to you, her last years with me have been useful and pleasant; her deportment in every relation, is such as I could desire, perfectly correct in all her habits. Her desire now is, to learn the dress-making. In the spring she will go to a shop, I think, in Freehold.

I've written you of all the trouble I had, the first four years, with her; but now I know her to be just in all her ways. My interest in her is such, I cannot even bear to think of her associating with any who are low in their associations or evil in their habits. My house shall always be a home for her whenever she desires it, and my prayers offered for her salvation and protection from evil.

I should like very much to take another little girl from your establishment, this winter. If there are two sisters, I should like them both. * * * * *

We intend to comply with the terms upon which Kate was indentured to us. We give her in the spring \$30 in money and far better clothing than required of us. She is as genteel in her appearance and manners as any about us. I have a bed and many things I cannot mention in a letter, which she will have when in need of them. My advice and protection is ever ready for her.

Yours, truly,
(Mrs.) W. J. McClure.

New Bedford, 1862.

Dear Madam,—I have read with much satisfaction and benefit, your interesting paper, the *Advocate and Guardian*, for a number of years, and have rejoiced in the thought that I have been made a Life member of the very useful society of which this periodical is the organ.

My lamented husband, deceased a year ago, was its devoted friend; but he is gone! my age and feeble health remind me I must soon follow him. I shall be eighty-seven years old next March. In my youth I little thought I should live so many years—but God is very good—His power upholds the weak.

I have long felt a desire to inform you of my gratitude for the gift of your paper, and of the enjoyment derived from its perusal. It is particularly precious to me, as I am confined to the house by reason of infirmities, although for

one of my age my health continues remarkably good.

There are many things mentioned in the paper that excite my sympathies, and I wish it was in my power to contribute something to aid in the work in which you are engaged, even if it were but little. But let me assure you that you have my best wishes and many prayers for your success.

With much respect, I remain,

Your sincere friend,
SUSAN KENT.

Camp McDowell, Va., 1862.

*Respected Madam,—*A short time since, a Church sister of mine forwarded me some copies of the *Advocate and Family Guardian*, saying she did not believe she could put them to better use; and I assure you they have made some hours pass pleasantly; for I find much that is interesting to me, as it speaks of the work of my Saviour in that large city. It has also strengthened me in the good way, and filled me with good desires to help those who labor for the advancement of God's kingdom upon earth. A soldier's duties are many times lonesome and tedious; but the love of God, in the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, constrains us to be patient and wait His will, for our cause is in His hands, and He will deal mercifully with us. You believe thus, and offer daily, fervent prayers to the God of battles that He will deal gently with us. We know this and are strengthened thereby. You also, are fighting sin amongst the poor and outcast of your large city. God bless and reward you richly in the noble work. Be not weary; be faithful to the end. By-and-by you shall hear the Saviour say, "Well done, good and faithful servants; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

I do what I can to aid you. Enclosed, you will find two dollars. Please send the *Advocate and Guardian* to Elmira, N. Y., from Jan. 1st, 1862, until Jan., 1863. The other dollar is for you to use at your discretion.

Truly your well-wisher,
N. F. H.

New Egypt, N. J., 1862.

*To the Children's Secretary, Home for the Friendless. Madam,—*It is proper to inform you that M—— B——, who has been with us some eight years, from your Institution, arrived at the age of eighteen years on the 20th instant, and is, consequently, free from our service.

Maria is still with us, and seems disposed, at present, to continue here as long as we may need her services. We pay her wages, of course. She is a well-disposed girl, and we have the satisfaction of stating that she has joined the Methodist E. Church, and appears to be a changed person. She has always sustained a good character, and has improved every way since her union with the Church.

Very respectfully, yours,
GEO. F. FORT.

An earnest fellow-laborer at Marble-Rock, Iowa, after narrating the toils, trials and privations of the past, adds: "We live very economically, and should feel as though we sinned were we to do otherwise, when there are so many needing the comforts of life. Our eldest son enlisted for three years, and fell in battle. He was one of the best of children. I send the testimony of his captain, hoping to have it printed in the *Guardian*, that I may have it in a book at the end of the year. And now my youngest and last son has gone to take his brother's place. He is not prepared to die, but his parent's prayers will follow him. I request an interest in your prayers for our dear child." * * * MARIA BEDELL.

[NOTE.—The death of Mrs. Hor, long a devoted laborer, is also referred to in the above letter with affectionate interest.]

"Wyandotte, Kansas.

Mr. Bedell, Dear Sir,— With feelings of the most poignant grief, I write to inform you of the death of your son, Hiram G. W. Bedell. He was killed on the 17th inst., at the battle of Blue Mills, near Liberty, Mo., he died at his post in the very front of the battle, and a nobler, braver spirit, never ascended from a battle-field than his. He was a soldier from principle, and amid all the temptations to indulgence and excess, which a soldier's life presents, he never swerved from the path of duty and moral rectitude. He held his life as nothing, when his country needed it, and he sacrificed it in a great and glorious cause. I had your son's body decently laid out, and he was buried with military honors. I offer you and your kind lady my most heartfelt sympathies in your affliction. With great respect, I remain, dear sir, your obedient servant,

M. M. TRUMBLE.

To the Friends at the Home.—Though your mission is to the children of sorrow and woe, such is the power of Christianity that often it draws its richest joy and peace from the fountain of sadness and grief. To the poor and destitute it is often blessed to receive, but in the estimation of Jesus it is more blessed to give, especially if we have to practice self-denial to do it. With the soul filled with the love of Jesus, it is blessed to suffer for his sake, how much more blessed to be able to relieve suffering. It is sad to behold wretchedness and woe, and yet it is a source of joy to dry the falling tear and cheer the drooping heart. We do not forget that our country is visited with a terrible curse and that you will be called to minister comfort to many bereaved heart-stricken ones in sorrowful homes. Such are our circumstances, so many are the calls and so hard the times that our memento is small, but we know from former experience that you do not despise the day of small things. You have doubtless received the box forwarded from this place. We should have sent our donation at that time but the funds were not at hand.

We now enclose for the widows' fund ten dollars, from Mrs. Emily Twitchell, one dollar, David Twitchell, one dollar, Olivia Barnes Orwell, twenty cents.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

OF DONATIONS TO THE HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS, From Feb. 25th to Mar. 10th, 1862.

HOME.

Wt. —Miss Dorothy Smith, per M. H. Sheldon, Rupert.....	3 00
Mrs J. Simonds, Shoreham.....	1 50
R. I. —Elisha Hathaway, Bristol, per James Chase Parma.....	30 00
Conn. —M. A. Curtiss, Norfolk.....	1 00
N. Upham, "	1 00
Kate M. Kibourn, "	1 00
Wm. H. Atkins, Middletown.....	1 00
Friends in Sharon.....	95
Mrs Dr. Talcott, Guilford.....	1 00
N. Y. —Anna Aldrich, Wing's Station.....	1 00
"A Friend to Liberty," Syracuse.....	5 00
Mrs R. J. Woodward \$5, A Friend \$1, Sherburne Harlan, Liman and Mary Potter, 10c each, Scott Coll. by S. M. Demarest, Lowville.....	6 00
Mrs Gould, 50c, Mrs Barker, Mrs Bunch and Mr Eckler, 25c each, A Friend 23c.....	30 00
Mrs S. Drummond, Portland.....	1 48
Miss M. Seaman, Fallsburgh.....	27
Sophia L. Ingersoll, North Evans.....	1 00
G. W. Smith, Hornellsville.....	1 00
Friends in Sherman, per H. M. Hazeltine.....	10 00
Miss Mary Johnson, South Richland.....	1 12
Friends in Oneida, freight.....	1 82
Sarah E. Saunders, Brookfield.....	57
A. E. Beckwith, Avon.....	1 00
F. G. Society of Madison, per M. P. Howard.....	1 00
N. Y. City. —Mrs Elias Wade, Jr Roswell Sprague, Esq., per Mrs John H. Sprague.....	15 00
Mrs Capt. Sandford, per Mrs Bennett.....	5 00
Mrs Ellen Evans.....	20 00
Two Young Ladies.....	1 00
N. J. —Mrs M. Sayre \$1, her little Henry 50c, Lizzie Waller 50c, Newark.....	5 00
Pa. —Mrs C. D. Price, Pottsdam.....	1 00
Mrs J. Sickenger, Springfield Cross Roads.....	50
Friends in Sugar Grove, freight.....	1 25
Ohio. —Mrs H. C. Godman, Marion.....	1 00
Little pocket pieces of two children, deceased, sent by their mother, Mrs Halstead, Larue.....	50
Friends in Palmyra, fr \$1, Miss E. A. Douthett, 50c A Friend, Bowling Green.....	1 50
Ill. —Mr N. Burnham, Peoria, per Rev. A. A. Stevens.....	25
Emily, Harry and Frank, Peoria.....	10 00
Mich. —The new Christian Colony in Benzoni, per C. E. Bailey.....	1 50
Juvenile Society of Baptist Ch. S. School in Clinton, freight.....	7 64
Wis. —Mrs C. N. Preston, Omro.....	2 00
Cal. —Mrs S. J. McChesney \$1, Mrs G. D. Jewett 50c, Hobestown.....	50
	1 50

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

N. Y. City. —Mrs G. H. Irwin.....	4 00
Mrs William H. Smith, per Mrs R. M. Buchanan.....	5 00
LIFE MEMBERS.	
Conn. —Mrs and Mr E. Blake 50c, Miss H. Blake \$1 with 50c, from Society in Winchester Centre to apply on L. M. of Mrs M. Bronson.....	2 00
N. Y. —Mr Samuel Brownell, Madison for L. M. of his granddaughter, A. E. Brownell, Clinton.....	10 00
Mrs Susanna Carr, Warsaw, full payment on the L. M. of her niece, Mrs L. Sage, Attica Centre.....	10 00
N. Y. City. —A Friend to const. Mrs Cornelia M. Lewis a L. M., per Mrs Jas. Bayles.....	25 00
Ohio. —Elizabeth Nellis, Ashtabula, to apply on L. M.	3 00

Mich.—Mrs Louisa H. Bevier, Le Roy, full payt. on L. M. 5 00

Ill.—Mrs Wiswell, Jacksonville, to apply on L. M. 5 00

Clothing and Provisions.

Rec'd from Feb. 25th to Mar. 10th, 1862.

Vt.—West Brattleboro, a box of clothing from the Ladies' Benev. Soc., per Rev. Joseph Chandler.

Mass.—Enfield, a large barrel of quilts and clothing.

Conn.—Middle Patent, a box of clothing from Emily A. Lyon.

Southport, a package of clothing from a few friends and 2 cradle-quilts pieced by Ellen and Sarah and Willie Wilbur and Hattie.

Huntington, a package of quilts and clothing from Mrs J. Wheeler, Mrs Samuel C. Drew and others.

Sharon, a box of clothing, dried apples, beans, etc., from a few friends, per Frances A. Elliott.

Deep River, a package of clothing from a friend.

Mansfield, a quantity of clothing from friends in Mansfield, South Windham and Willimantic per Miss C. E. Wilson.

Norwich, a package of clothing from Mrs Williams and Mrs William Fitch.

N. Y.—Bedford, a package of clothing and a quilt from the Juvenile Society.

Pawling, a barrel of clothing from a few friends, per Mary E. Hoag.

Chappaqua, a box of quilts, clothing, dolls and balls from the Sewing Society, per Mrs Carpenter, Pleasantville, Richfield Springs, a box of quilts, clothing, dried apples and beans from the ladies of Richfield Springs and vicinity.

Corfu, box of clothing from friends, per Mrs A. M. Kirkland.

Bloomingburgh, barrel of clothing from ladies of Bloomingburgh, (received last December,) per Mrs (Rev.) Searle.

N. Y. City.—a package of clothing from Mrs James L. Davis.

1 piece canton flannel, 1 piece shirting and remnants of calico for Ind. School No. 1, from Mr Pierson, per Mrs R. M. Buchanan.

Parcel of clothing, ditto of shoes, from Mrs Pratt, per Mrs R. M. Buchanan.

Ohio.—Cherry Valley, a barrel of clothing, 1 quilt, 76 lbs. cheese, 7 1-2 lbs. butter, dried beef, beans, etc., from a few friends, per David Colby.

Wellington, a barrel of clothing from a few friends, per Mrs C. W. Nickles.

Ozark, a package of quilts and clothing from a few friends, per Margaret Lupton.

Minn.—Utica, a box of quilts and clothing from a few friends in Utica and Jefferson, per Maria S. Stebbins

Unknown.—A package of boys' clothing.

A toy for Salesroom, from an invalid.

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NOTICES.

The next meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Female Guardian Society will be held at the Home, 32 East 30th Street, on Wednesday, April 2 at 10 o'clock. A.M. Members of the Board and friends of the Society, are invited to attend without further notice.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

A regular meeting is held every Friday, at 10 A. M. in the Home Committee Room for the purpose of preparing work for the Industrial Schools. Ladies friendly to the effort are invited to attend.

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Aims of the Am. Female Guardian Soc.

1st.—The Society aims to rescue from degradation, physical and moral, the children of want, homelessness and sorrow, wherever found—who may be committed to the Society in accordance with its Charter—and after a suitable probation in their institution, to learn to what they are best adapted, &c., to secure for them permanent country homes in Christian families.

2d.—To reach as many as possible of this same exposed class of children, who though prevented by surrounding circumstances, from becoming Home beneficiaries as inmates, may, nevertheless, be withdrawn from the education of the city street, taught habits of industry and propriety of conduct, the knowledge of the Bible, &c., and surrounded by influences that may be protective and saving.

(Several hundred of this class receive food, raiment, instruction and watch-care through the agency of the Society.)

3d.—To afford a place and means of protection for destitute respectable young women, without employment, friends or home, and within the age and circumstances of temptation.

4th.—To aid and encourage destitute American widows with small children, to avoid a separation as long as practicable, by furnishing apparel, bedding, etc. at discretion; securing remunerative employment as far as it may be obtained, and also to admonish the unwary of the moral pit-falls that often abound in the pathway of the lowly.

5th.—To use the Press to enlist the Public mind in behalf of the several classes and objects above named.

Wants.—The Home has been established fourteen years, and has sheltered, fed and clothed, temporarily, over 10,000 children and adults. It has been sustained mainly by charitable contributions, and at the present time is in special need of funds to meet its current expenses, and the pressing claims arising from its enlargement.

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